

The Times' Daily Short Story.

SCAR FACED CHARLEY

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There were eight of us outside and inside the Deadwood coach, including a woman, Mrs. Bushrod, when Scar Faced Charley robbed us.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and we were skirting foothills covered with pine scrub, when Scar Faced Charley stepped out of the bushes, lifted a double barreled shotgun to his shoulder and called upon the driver to pull up. I think all four of us on top of the coach made a motion for our guns, but the driver yelled at us:

"Stop that, you cussed fools! Do you want to be blown to kingdom come?"

Scar Face was at that time a man of about thirty, rather picturesquely attired, and, as he was clean shaven, he looked more like a furo man than a highway robber. There was a smile on his face as he looked up, but something warned you that it was a smile that could come off mighty sudden if things did not go his way. He took a look into the coach and then stepped back and said:

"Now, gentlemen, let's have no fuss over this thing. You up there get down, and you inside come out and form in line and put your hands up. Of course, the lady is not included."

None of us saw a chance to get in a shot while we were lining up, and once on the ground it was too late. He passed to the rear of us and removed our shooters and tossed them into the bushes. The driver was permitted to retain his seat. He had no treasure box, and the mails were not asked for.

"Now, gentlemen," said Scar Face in his breezy way, "I shall pass in front of you with my hat, and you will drop in watches and purses. I put you on your honor. If I afterward discover that any one has held anything back it will be bad for him."

One of the insiders was a Jew. He had a big roll, and skimming off about \$50 he handed the rest to the woman to take care of. After the contribution the bandit stopped in front of Mr. Janace and said:

"You are keeping something back."

"So help me gracious, I'm not."

"Don't lie. Where is your roll?"

All this time Mrs. Bushrod had been a quiet spectator, though she was boiling over with anger at the idea of our letting a single man rob the eight of us. She had to say something or burst, and, shaking the Jew's roll out of the window, she called out:

"Yes; here is his money, and I'd like to see you get it! I've also got some of my own, but you'll never get a dollar of it into your dirty fingers."

Up to this time Scar Face had never robbed a woman. If the widow had kept her tongue still she would have been treated with civility, but once

started she let her temper run away with her. She gave the bandit a great tongue lashing, and a part of her remarks included us. He gave her five minutes, seeming to be amused and yet resolved, and when she paused for breath he advanced to the coach, thrust the barrels of the gun through the window and within a foot of her nose and said:

"Hand me over every dollar you have got about you or you won't live ten seconds!"

She went deadly white and handed over, and as near as I could make out she was in a swoon for the next five minutes. The bandit got a fine haul and was well pleased. When he had pocketed the plunder he said:

"I shall now bid you goodby, gentlemen. Let no one move for the next five minutes. Then you may resume your journey."

He bowed and stepped aside into the scrub, and we looked at each other in a foolish way. After three or four minutes the driver told us to get in, and it was then that the widow got out. She had recovered from her swoon, and her face was very red instead of deathly pale.

"Look here, you pack of poltroons, are you going to let that scoundrel get away with all our money?" she exclaimed, as she looked from one to the other.

"But what can we do?" asked one.

"Do? Do? Why, you cowards, you can follow him up and capture him!"

None of us saw it that way and took our places. The driver called to the woman to get in, but she turned on him with:

"Go on with your cowardice! I'm going to follow that robber to the ends of the earth but what I get my money back!"

With that she headed straight into the scrub on the robber's trail, and after waiting for her five minutes and vainly calling to her to return the stage proceeded and reached Deadwood four hours late.

When the story was told, the sheriff took a posse and started for the scene, but before he reached it they met the widow walking along the road. She explained that she had followed the robber for a mile through the scrub and then came upon him in camp. She at once started in to give him "gawdy,"

and no doubt her other effort was discounted. She sat right down in camp, and said she wouldn't stir an inch until she had her money back. He threatened her, and she defied him. He got up to run away, and she grabbed hold of him. No matter what Scar Face's experience had been with women, he saw that he had caught a Tartar in this case, and he did the sensible thing by restoring her money and letting her go her own way.

She arrived in Deadwood with every dollar of it, and her pluck was so highly appreciated that they made up a public purse of \$1,000 for her.

M. QUAD.

WINTER PRACTICE.

What to Do Against the More Important Insect Pests.

Entomologist Gossard of the Ohio experiment station announces his intention of aiding farmer and fruit grower to follow correct practice in combating his insect enemies through a set of four manuals which will briefly indicate the whereabouts and stages of development of the more important fruit, orchard and garden pests of the state during the four seasons of the year and will suggest methods for controlling or destroying them. The first of the manuals, "Winter Practice in Economic Zoology," tells what to do in winter against injurious insects. It is bright, instructive, excellently arranged and thoroughly helpful.

Professor Gossard says that as far as possible he has discussed only those species that are susceptible to winter treatment, and it appears that neither that should appear only in fall and spring treatises is included this arises from the difficulty of sharply separating late fall from early winter and late winter from early spring.

The practical style of this little treatise is indicated in this brief item from vineyard and fruit garden practice: "If no other insects except the grapeberry moth, the grapevine flea beetle and the grapevine leaf hopper were present in the vineyard, the practice of clean culture and stirring the surface soil in

late fall or early winter would pay and pay well. Each of these three is an important species economically, and each can be greatly reduced in numbers by this method."

Doesn't Like the Field Method.

While picking up the corn after the huskers I look out for seed ears. I have an extra crate for the seed corn, and when I find an ear that just suits it is put into this crate. When the crate is full I stand it outside some-what up from the ground, so the air can circulate through it, and cover it over with a board. This is repeated until I have plenty of seed saved. The wind and air soon dry it out in good shape. I tried sowing seed one year by going through the field and getting the earlier ripened ears, but when husked and thrown into a pile it looked altogether too ordinary for seed. There were all the different types and shapes mixed together, and we fed it to the hogs.—Ohio Farmer.

Tidbits.

We are often reminded of what Mrs. Chillingly said when asked who managed her household. Her reply was: "My husband has agreed that I may decide upon all the small questions if I will let him decide the large ones." As small ones arose many times each day and large ones only at intervals of months, it ended in her "ruling the roost."

GOOD WAY TO DO BUSINESS.

When one can buy gold dollars for fifty cents, it is a good time to purchase.

In offering a 50-cent bottle of Dr. Howard's celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia at 25 cents, Dr. F. Davis is giving one of the greatest trade chances ever offered to the people of Barre.

Even though offered at half price for introductory purposes, the specific is sold under a guarantee to cure or the money will be refunded.

If food does not digest well, if there is gas or pain in the stomach, if the tongue is coated and the breath bad, if there is constipation and straining, Dr. Howard's specific will cure you. If it does not, you have Druggist Davis' personal guarantee to return your money.

This remarkable remedy comes in the form of tiny granules, and can be carried in the vest pocket or purse. It is very popular in New York city, and it is not unusual to see someone after a meal at one of the large hotels or restaurants take a dose of this specific, knowing that it will prevent the uncomfortable feeling which frequently follows a hearty meal.

Dr. Howard's specific gives quick relief and makes permanent cures of constipation, dyspepsia, and all liver troubles.

Dressmakers and Cooks.

There once was a lady who always was worried. By costume and kitchen her days were kept hurried.

The cooks that she hired, without notice were quitting. And dressmakers irked with her changes and fitting.

She never knew music, or drama, or books.

Her life was made up of dressmakers and cooks.

Her patience was tried and her temper was tested. She never had peace and she never got rested.

For when a new cook began basting and skimming. She had to rush out to get flouncing and trimming.

She habited dishes, of eyes and of looks. She lived in a world of dressmakers and cooks.

The cook would up and walk out in a passion. And then her last dress would go clear out of fashion.

And then for a week she was hunting and shopping. Until from fatigue and despair she was dropping.

She hunted in highways and byways and nooks. Wherever there might be dressmakers and cooks.

Her visage grew thin, her complexion grew sallow. And bloodless, and something the color of tallow.

Her hair grew as stringy and lacking in lustre. As any old second-hand, bargain-sale duster.

She got so she cared not a whit for her looks. Her only concern was dressmakers and cooks.

At last she lay down, sick at heart and dejected. And with her last breath these remarks she repeated:

"The world that I've known is a bother-ful and vexed one. Whatever it is, I'll be glad in the next one. For from what I have heard of the ways of the world."

They never have use for dressmakers or cooks.—Chicago Tribune.

The Only Survivor

of the Hayes Arctic Expedition, Mr. S. J. McCormick, now U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor, Bliss Station, Idaho, says: "For years I have suffered from severe pains in the hip joint and back bone, depriving me of all power. The cause was Stone in the Bladder and Gravel in the Kidneys. After using Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., I was completely cured."

HIGGINS OPPOSED IN LEGISLATURE

Investigation of Banking and Railroads Now Seem Assured.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 19.—Gov. Higgins is facing open revolt in the Legislature as a result of the statement issued from the executive chamber at his instance, laying down the principle that the Legislature has no power to undertake the investigation of state departments. Republicans and Democrats alike have joined in protest.

It now seems certain that there will be legislative investigations of both the state banking department and of the state railroad commission.

RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN OPENS

Political Parties Planning for Elections.

DEMOCRATS TO MEET

Moderates Are Also Preparing for a Fight—Pacification of the Country Is Going on Steadily.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 19.—The holiday truce in Russian politics is over and the new political parties are mustering their strength for Russia's first all-important electoral campaign. The opening guns will be fired today when the delegates of the Constitutional Democratic will assemble to discuss their elaborate platform.

The party represents the advanced liberal opinions of the zemstvo majority and the platform will closely follow the resolutions of the last zemstvo congress. The allied moderate parties which are standing on the basis of the manifesto of Oct. 30, will also be early in the field.

There will be a conference of the leaders from various parts of the empire here this week. This coalition which embraces the party of law and order, the Octobrists and five lesser factions, has chosen the name of Constitutional Monarchists and will nominate candidates in common, realizing that singly they are too weak to meet the well-organized Constitutional Democrats or Social Revolutionists.

Though officially they are on record as being in favor of boycotting the national assembly and continuing the armed revolt they have awakened to the necessity for securing a representation in the coming national assembly and for concentrating their attention on securing a full registration from the labor, professional and socialist organizations. With the League of Leagues they have formed campaign committees in each election district in order to get out the vote.

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BABY COVERED WITH SORES

Would Scratch and Tear the Flesh Unless Hands Were Tied—Wasted to a Skeleton—Awful Suffering for Over a Year—Grew Worse Under Doctors—Skin Now Clear.

WOULD HAVE DIED BUT FOR CUTICURA.

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloth at night to keep him from scratching himself and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My Aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. So great was her faith in it that she gave me a small piece of soap to try and a little of the Ointment. I took it home without any faith, but to please her I tried it, and it seemed to dry up the sores a little."

"I sent to the drug store and got a cake of the Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed the directions, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since."

"He is now strong and healthy, and I can sincerely say that only for your most wonderful remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores. I used only one cake of Soap and about three boxes of Ointment. (signed) Mrs. E. H. Sheldon, R. F. D., No. 1, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1905."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Skin Disease, from Eczema to Scald Head, from Itch to Acne, including Cutaneous Boils, Ringworm, Etc., Etc., Etc. See full particulars of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and how to use them, in the little book, "How to Cure Skin Diseases," sent free on request. Write to J. C. Kenney, Inc., 100 N. Main St., Lowell, Mass.

When Grief Doesn't Pay.

"What is worth doing is worth doing well," said the philosopher.

"Yes," replied the get-rich-quick artist, "but it's a mistake to hang around trying to get it all after you have reason to believe you've got the community skinned out of everything but a few dollars."—Chicago Record-Herald.

MODISTIC MATTERS.

Smart Velvetene Suits Are Braided. A Charming New Style.

Velveteen is playing an important part in smart fabrics. The most attractive suits are braided. The velveteen is produced in lovely shadings, copper and bronze red being effective colors trimmed with bands of the same tone with a tiny touch of gold and silver.

A charming skirt of the season is of soft fabric—a fine broadcloth, for instance—made with a deep hem and four wide tucks above it. Not all the best dressed women are wearing the small tip tilted hat that was so insistent at the beginning of the winter. There are stunning models in large

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He met his first wife in Tennessee, his native state, when Mrs. Burnett Townsend, then a little girl and the daughter of an English carriage maker, sold blackberries at his father's house. Her bright stories and fascinating conversation won the heart of the young student, and he volunteered to send one of her stories to a magazine, and from that time on her literary career was assured. Shortly afterward he married her and assisted in finishing her education.

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